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Characteristics of Beethoven's Music.

[From the concluding portion of Mr. GEORGE GROVE'S thorough and admirable article "Beethoven," in Part II. of his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1878).]

Beethoven's music has been divided by Herr von Lenz* into three styles, and the division has evidently some justice in it, or it would not have been so widely accepted as it is even by those who differ about its details. That the division is not chronological is evident from the fact that M. Lenz includes the 2nd Symphony (op. 36), written in 1802, in the first period, while he places the Sonatas op. 26 and 27, which were completed a year earlier, and the 3 Sonatas op. 31, which were written in company with the 2nd Symphony, in the second period. As far as the Sonatas are concerned he ends the first period with op. 22.

But we may go further than that. The first movement of the Solo Sonata in E flat (op. 7) and the Finale of the Quartet in F, op. 18, No. 1, contain examples of the episodes which form one of Beethoven's main characteristics, such as even the first movement of the Eroica can hardly surpass for independence and originality. The Scherzo of Symphony No. 1 and the Scherzo and Finale of Symphony No. 2 contain passages which would be found original and characteristic if met with in the compositions of many years later. Some will find it hard to place the Quartet in F minor, which Mendelssohn thought the most *Beethovenish* of all Beethoven's works, in anything but the third style; while the overture in C, op. 124, written in 1822, might be classed with the works of an earlier period. And yet on the whole the division is just, as an expression of the fact that Beethoven was always in progress; and that, to an extent greater than any other musician, his style matured and altered as he grew in life. He began, as it was natural and inevitable he should, with the best style of his day—the style of Mozart and Haydn; with melodies and passages that might be almost mistaken for theirs, with compositions apparently moulded in intention on them. And yet even during this Mozartian epoch we meet with works or single movements which are not Mozart, which Mozart perhaps could not have written, and which very fully reveal the future Beethoven. Such are the first two movements of the Sonata in A (op. 2), the Sonatas in E flat (op. 7) and D (op. 10, No. 3) and B flat (op. 22), the Scherzos of the 1st and 2nd Symphonies already mentioned, and the Coda of the Finale to the 2nd Symphony. From this youthful period he passes by the 3 Sonatas op. 31—which we have seen him speaking of as a change in his style—by the Kreutzer Sonata (March, 1803), by the Pianoforte Concerto in C minor,† and by the Eroica (1804), to his mature period, a time of extraordinary greatness, full of individuality, character, and humor, but still more full of power and mastery and pregnant strong sense.

This splendid and truly astonishing period contains the opera of *Leonora-Fidelio*, with its 4 overtures: the Mass in C; six Symphonies, from the Eroica to the No. 8 inclusive; the overture to *Coriolan*; the Egmont music; the Pianoforte Concertos in G and E flat; the Violin Concerto; the Rasseumoffsky Quartets, and those in E flat and F minor; the 3 later

P. F. Trios; the Liederkreis; and last not least, a dozen Sonatas for Piano solo, of which the chiefs are the D minor and the 'Appassionata,' though the others are closely akin and hardly inferior.

From this period of extraordinary force and mastery—though abounding also in beauty and sentiment—he passes by a second transition to his third and final style. This transition is perhaps more obvious than the former. The difference between the 9th Symphony and its predecessors—not only in dimensions and in the use of the chorus, but in elevation and sentiment, and in total impression produced—is unmistakable. The five Pianoforte Sonatas, op. 101 to 111, are perfectly distinct from any of the earlier ones, not only in individuality—for all Beethoven's works are distinct—but in a certain wistful yearning, a sort of sense of the invisible and vision of the infinite, mingled with their power. The last Quartets, op. 127 to op. 135, have the same characteristics as the Sonatas; but they are also longer, full of changes of time, less observant than before of the traditional forms of expression, less careful to make obvious the links of connection, and still more full of intense personality and of a wild unimprisoned spirit. All the sentiment and earnestness of Schumann, all the grace and individuality of Schubert, are there; with an intensity, breadth, and completeness, which those masters might perhaps have attained if they had bestowed the time and pains on their work which Beethoven did. In this period he passes from being the greatest musician to be a great teacher, and in a manner which no one ever did before and possibly no one will ever do again, conveys lessons which by their intense suggestiveness have almost the force of moral teaching. The cause of this is not far to seek. As we have seen in the preceding portion of this sketch the year 1814 was the culminating period of Beethoven's prosperity. He had produced his latest and then greatest works under such favorable circumstances as no musician had before enjoyed. He had been fêted and caressed by emperors and empresses, and others of the greatest of this world's great; he had for the first time in his life been able to put by money, and feel at all independent of daily labor. Immediately on this came an equally great and sudden reverse—and that not a material reverse so much as a blow to his spirit, and a series of misfortunes to mind and heart such as left all his former sufferings far behind. His brother's death; the charge of the nephew; the collision with the widow and with his other relatives and friends; the law-suits; the attempts to form a home of his own, and the domestic worries and wretchedness consequent thereon; the last stages of his deafness; the appearance of chronic bad health; the actual want of money—all these things, which lasted for many years, formed a Valley of the Shadow of Death, such as few men have been called to traverse, and which must inevitably have exercised a great influence on a nature so sensitive and in some respects so morbid. That this fiery trial did not injure his power of production is evident from the list of the great works which form the third period—from op. 101 inclusive. That it altered the tone and color of his utterance is equally evident from the works themselves. 'He passes,' as Mr. Dannreuther has finely* said, 'beyond the horizon of a mere singer and poet, and touches upon the domain of the seer and the prophet; where, in unison with all genuine mystics and ethical teachers, he delivers a mes-

sage of religious love and resignation, identification with the sufferings of all living creatures, deprecation of self, negation of personality, release from the world.'

Beyond the individual and peculiar character which distinguishes his works and makes them Beethovenish, as Haydn's are Haydnish and Mozart's Mozartish, though in a greater degree because of the stronger character of the man—there are definite peculiarities in Beethoven's way of working which should be specified as far as possible. That he was no wild radical, altering for the mere pleasure of alteration, or in the mere search for originality, is evident from the length of time during which he abstained from publishing or even composing works of pretension, and from the likeness which his early works possess to those of his predecessors. He began naturally with the forms which were in use in his days, and his alteration of them grew very gradually with the necessities of his expression. The form of the sonata is 'the transparent veil through which Beethoven seems to have looked at all* music.' And the good points of that form he retained to the last—the 'triune' symmetry of exposition, illustration, and repetition, which that admirable method allowed and enforced—but he permitted himself a much greater liberty than his predecessors had done in the relationship of the keys of the different movements and parts of movements, and in the proportion of the clauses and sections with which he built them up. In other words, he was less bound by the forms and musical rules, and more swayed by the thought which he had to express, and the directions which that thought took in his mind.

1. The range of keys within which the composers of sonatas and symphonies before Beethoven confined themselves was very narrow. Taking the first movement as an example of the practice, the first theme was of course given out in the tonic, and this, if major, was almost invariably answered in due course by a second theme in the 'dominant' or fifth above; for instance, if the sonata was in C the second subject would be in G, if in D it would be in A. If the movement were in minor, the answer was in the relative major—C minor would be answered by E flat, A minor by C natural, and so on. This is the case 19 times out of 20 in the sonatas and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. A similar restriction governed the key of the second movement. It was usually in the 'sub-dominant' or fifth below—in F if the key of the piece were C, in B flat if the key were F, and so on. If the piece were in a minor key the second movement was in the third below. A little more latitude was allowed here than in the former case; the subdominant now and then became the dominant, or, very rarely, the 'mediant' or third above; and the relative major was occasionally exchanged for the tonic major.

Beethoven, as already remarked, adopted very different relations in respect of the change of key from one movement to another. Out of 81 works in sonata form he makes the transition to the dominant only 3 times; to the subdominant 19 times; to the mediant or 3rd above 4 times; and to the submediant or 3rd below 30 times. From tonic major to tonic minor he changes 12, and from minor to major 8 times. His favorite change was evidently to the submediant or third below—that is to say, to a key less closely related to the tonic and more remote than the usual key. He makes it

* Beethoven et ses trois Styles. Petersbourg, 1852.

† Sonata, op. 10, No. 1; melody in working out of 1st movement of Septet; Adagio of op. 31, No. 1; Quintet op. 16.

‡ In the Finale of this work we almost surprise the change of style in the act of being made.

* Macmillan's Magazine, July, 1876.

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

in his first work (Op. 1, No. 2). In his B flat trio (op. 97) he has it twice, and in his Variations on an original theme (op. 34), each of the first five variations is a third below the preceding.

In the relation of his first and second subjects he is more orthodox. Out of 26 of the Pianoforte Sonatas the usual change to the dominant occurs 18 times, to the mediant 3, and to the submediant 3.

2. Another of his innovations had respect to the connection of the different subjects or clauses. His predecessors were in the habit rather of separating their clauses than of connecting them; and this they did by conventional passages of entirely different character from the melodious themes themselves, stuffed in between the themes like so much hay or paper for mere packing. Any symphony of Mozart or Haydn will give examples of this, which Wagner* compares to the 'rattling of the dishes at a royal feast.' Mozart also has a way of drawing up and presenting arms before the appearance of the second subject, which tends to cut the movement up into very definite portions. Of these tiresome and provoking intermediate periods Beethoven got rid by the use of phrases which are either parts of the main theme or closely related to it; and he thus gives his movements a unity and consistency as if it were an organic growth, and not a piece of work cunningly put together by art or man's device. How he effects this, and the very tentative and gradual way in which he does it, may be seen in Symphonies 1 and 2 and the Eroica, in which last all trace of the old plan has almost entirely disappeared.

3. The first movement of the Eroica supplies instances of other innovations on the established forms. Not only in the 'exposition' (before the double bar) are other themes brought in besides the two main subjects, but in the 'illustration,' or, to use the more common term, the 'working out,' there is an unanticipated explosion which, to say the least, is entirely without precedent, followed by an entirely fresh episode as important as anything that has occurred before, and that again by a new feature (the staccato bass) which, while it accompanies and reinforces the main subject, adds materially to the interest of the music. Again, in the 'repetition' we have not only a great departure from regular rule in the keys which the music goes through, but we have a coda of no less than 140 bars long, proclaiming itself by its opening as an independent member of the movement, and though made almost entirely out of previous material, yet quite differently expressed from anything before, and full of fresh meaning. Now none of these alterations and additions to the usual forms were made by Beethoven for their own sake. They were made because he had something to say on his subject which the rules did not give him time and space to say, and which he could not leave unsaid. His work is a poem in which the thoughts and emotions are the first things, and the forms of expression second and subordinate. Still, even in his innovations, how careful he is to keep as near the rules as possible! His chief episodes occur in the working out, where a certain licence was always lawful; and codas were recognized, and had been, as in Mozart's 'Jupiter,' turned to noble account. The same characteristics are found in the ninth Symphony as in the third, only, the mood of mind being entirely different, the mode of expression is different too, but the principle of the perfect subordination of the expression to the thought, while adhering as closely to the 'form' as was consistent with perfect expression, is the same. One or two pieces of his second period may however be named, in which both thought and mode of expression are so entirely different from anything before them, that they stand quite by themselves. Such movements as the opening Adagio of the Sonata in C sharp mi-

nor, or the Con moto of the Pianoforte Concerto in G—in which Schumann used to see a picture of Orpheus taming brute-nature—have no prototypes; they are pure creations, founded on nothing previous, but absolutely new in style, idea, and form.

In the later quartets it must be admitted that he wandered further away from the old paths; the thought there seems everything and the form almost nothing. And this fact, as much as the obscurity and individuality of the thoughts themselves and their apparent want of connexion until they have become familiar, is perhaps the cause that these noble works are so difficult to understand. The forms, depend upon it, were founded in reason and nature. They grew through long periods to be what Haydn fixed them at; and as long as the thoughts of composers did not burst their limits they were perfect. Beethoven came, and he first enlarged and modified them, adhering however to their fundamental principle of recurrence and recapitulation, till in the end, withdrawn more and more into himself by his deafness, he wrote down what he felt, often without thinking of the exigencies of those who were to hear him. This however only applies to the later Quartets. The ninth Symphony and the last Pianoforte Sonatas are as strictly in form, and as coherent and intelligible, as could be desired.

4. A striking instance of this loyalty is found in Beethoven's treatment of the 'Introduction.' This—a movement in slow time, preceding the first *Allegro*—forms part of the original design of the overture by Lully, and is found in nine out of ten of Handel's overtures. Haydn often has one in his symphonies, usually 8 to 12 bars long, occasionally as much as 20. Mozart has prefixed similar prefaces to some of his works, such as the Symphony in E flat, the Quintet for Piano and Wind instruments, and the famous Quartet in C, dedicated to Haydn. Beethoven, besides placing one before his Quintet for Piano and Wind (op. 16), which, as already remarked, is like a challenge to Mozart, has one to the Sonata Pathétique and to the first Symphony. In the last of these cases it is 12 bars long. In the 2nd Symphony it expands to 33 bars long, and increases largely in development. But even this is a mere preface when compared with the noble and impressive movements which usher in the *Allegros* of the 4th and 7th Symphonies—long and independent movements, the latter no less than 80 bars in length, full of important and independent ideas, and of the grand effect.

In all the instances mentioned—the Succession of Keys, the Episodes, the Coda, the Introduction—Beethoven's modifications seem to have sprung from the fact of his regarding his music less as a piece of technical performance than his predecessors had perhaps done, and more as the expression of the ideas with which his mind was charged. The ideas were too wide and too various to be contained in the usual limits, and therefore the limits had to be enlarged. He regards first what he has to say—his thought—and how he shall convey and enforce and reiterate that thought, so as to express it to his hearer exactly as he thinks it, without being careful to find an old formula in which to couch it. Even consecutive fifths were no hindrance to him—they gave the exact sound in which he wished to convey his idea of the moment; and therefore he used them as naturally, as a speaker might employ at a particular juncture, with the best effect, an expression usually quite inadmissible. No doubt other musicians had used similar liberties; but not to the same extent, because no one before had been gifted with so independent and original a nature. But in Beethoven the fact was connected with the peculiar position he had taken in society, and with the new ideas which the general movement of freedom at the end of the eighteenth century, and the French Revolution in particular, had forced even into such strongholds as the Austrian courts. People

who were the servants of archbishops and princes, and moved about with the rest of the establishment in the train of their master, who wore powder and pigtail and red-heeled shoes, and were forced to wait in ante rooms, and regulate their conduct strictly by etiquette, and habitually keep down their passions under decorous rules and forms, could not give their thoughts and emotions the free and natural vent which they would have had without the perpetual curb of such restraints and the habits they must have engendered. But Beethoven, like Mirabeau, had 'swallowed the formulas' of the day; he had thrown over etiquette, and, *roturier* as he was, lived on absolute equality with the best aristocracy of Vienna. What he felt he said, both in society and in his music, and the result is before us. The great difference is, as we have already remarked, that whereas in his ordinary intercourse he was extremely abrupt and careless of effect, in his music he was exactly the reverse; painstaking, laborious, and never satisfied till he had conveyed his ideas in unmistakable language.

[To be Continued.]

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The Growth of Musical Ideas.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

It is generally supposed that the ideas contained in a musical composition present themselves suddenly, and combine to form a complete whole in the brain of the composer, and that this inspiration, as it is called, occupies but a very brief period of time for its formation. In fact, some persons go so far as to affirm that the musical composition suddenly presents itself in a complete form to the brain of the composer, and that almost as suddenly the composer dashes on to paper the photograph of the music with which he has so hastily become inspired. The truth is, that the composition in a complete form may be quick to impress the composer by its presence, and its ideas may want to crowd on to paper quicker than his hand can write them down, but, imperceptibly, the various ideas of the composition have existed in his brain for a very long time.

The incomplete, abstract ideas have taken a long time to merge themselves into a complete, concrete form. The scientific law of continuity must have been observed. The incubation of the composition was unknown, because unfelt, by the composer; nor, until a short time previous to its birth, was he aware of its existence in an abstract form, in his brain. As with the bee, the sweets which he had drawn from many flowers had imperceptibly formed themselves into a luscious honey. Without perceiving it, a measure from this composer and another from that composer had impressed itself upon his mind and hinted, very slightly, of greater beauties yet to have birth in his own brain. He dipped into the subtle harmonies of grand and sublime compositions, and anon he tastes of the pleasing sweetness of delicate and beautiful music. His aesthetic sense was pleased and invigorated, and his solid intellectual organization was gratified by comparing these compositions to his own standard of perfection.

Originality, being interpreted, means, not newness of ideas, but originality in the combination of ideas. A well-developed sense of the general fitness of beautiful things, or, in other words, the possession of the aesthetic instinct, would seem to be the first requisite of the composer of music, or of the creator of works in any branch of art. How far above the mere mechanical knowledge of the execution of a composer's work, reigns his native taste! Indeed, originality is embodied in pure taste, because, like the latter attribute, it consists of the new and fit selection of ideas. Then, it is in the mind's

* *Music of the Future*, translated by Dannreuther, 1873; p. 44.

garden that ideas grow, from seed which has been desultorily planted and forgotten, until it springs up through the soil, and at length blossoms into complete and luxurious flowers.

Culture disciplines the mind and thereby strengthens our faculties, but it does not give us new ideas, it simply cultivates the soil in which our new ideas are to grow. Culture comes from without; but our ideas, or faculty of combining ideas, being inherent in us and developed by cultivation, must come from within ourselves. The success of the culture, then, depends very much upon the native fertility of the soil. Then, too, minds vary in their receptivity of culture. Six months study will improve some musicians as much as two years will others. Here we see that the man who gets so much good out of six months study must have a very fertile brain, because, to again use the land metaphor, it takes a proportionately small amount of cultivation to make his soil bear fruit.

Although every composer of acknowledged merit has strong individuality, yet much of it must have been inspired by the study of the compositions of other composers; indeed, the hearing of great compositions has awakened the latent ideas in many a young composer's mind. The sublimity of Beethoven's works fanned into a blaze the spark of genius which was born with Richard Wagner. Up among the *gamins* in the gallery did the little Italian peasant boy, Verdi, become inspired to emulate in composition the melodious operatic strains, which awoke his own birth-right of music. If a man were born with the gift of music in his soul, and placed on a desert island far from the sounds or knowledge of music, it is doubtful if his gift would be in the least developed unless he were brought in contact with music and musical minds. It would be necessary for his gift to become awakened and then inspired by other musical minds before he could assert his own genius, or, in other words, before he would show any individuality in the combination of musical ideas.

Although it is a subject capable of deep and protracted study, musicians, especially composers of music, should have at least a moderate knowledge of mental philosophy. Locke in his work on "The Human Understanding" tells us that to work the mind properly, one must understand its working. Could there be a more palpable truth? He who is well versed in the construction and action of a steam engine will have no difficulty in running it to the best advantage. One should study not only his own mind, but the minds of other men. The mind is an instrument which one must learn how to use.

The development of themes, or *motifs*, in musical composition gives but a faint idea of the slow and subtle growth of ideas in the human mind. The lyric theme in music illustrates the æsthetic ideas of the mind, and the thematic motif or figure when worked up in a composition tells us of the solid logical and intellectual sense. The lyric form partakes of a charming indefinite character, whilst the thematic form bespeaks the orderly mechanical development of a musical idea. One balances the other. Without some assertion of the intellect in music, its luscious sweetness would cloy and become positively tiresome. We soon tire of the society of a beautiful woman, when we discover that she has little or no brains. The human stomach would soon rebel were it to be filled with grapes and peaches to the exclusion of solid meat food. The æsthetic sense is akin to both fruit in food and the lyric element in melody, whilst the intellectual organization is related to solid nourishment and to the thematic in melody.

Every inspiration has been thoroughly earned by

hard work of the mind. First, the composer would feel a dim, far-off feeling of something which he would like to write upon paper; then this feeling passed away from his mind, and for the time being it was altogether forgotten. Next, it appeared to him in a more definite and condensed shape, and with a more potent and pleasing attraction in its sentiment than it showed at first. Gradually a sense of the completeness and attractiveness of his set of ideas was forced upon him, then the spark which had for a long time past been smouldering in the hidden recesses of his mind, burst into a glorious blaze. The moment of so-called inspiration had arrived; the composition was complete, and was written down bright and glowing from the furnace of the mind.

Can anyone on earth enjoy a greater blessing than that of a fertile and well-cultivated intellectual garden, in which there grow ideas both beautiful and sublime to feed the hungry minds of men?

Music Teachers.

AN ARMY OF RECRUITS FOR A CROWDED PROFESSION.

(From the Boston Sunday Herald.)

* * * * In the popular novel the unfortunate female character—member of a family whose fortunes have been ruined, and which is forced by cruel and relentless poverty to the alternative of useful labor or starvation—always remembers that she has had a remarkably fine musical education, the true value of which she never before appreciated, but which she now clearly sees must have been bestowed upon her that she might be qualified to support herself by music teaching. Consequently she loftily declines the disinterested offer of marriage, and marches off grandly into the domain of absolute independence and finds 100 pupils at once, who, apparently, came into the world for no other purpose than to assist in her destiny at this crisis. In actual life the occurrence is not, perhaps, quite so common, but the idea is general enough to justify its use by the novelist, and, in daily experience, finds frequent illustration. Thousands of youngsters—chiefly, it must be said, of the gentler sex—are to-day hammering at a piano, whose principal ideas, as connected with what they are pleased to call "practice," have no other application than that they are "fitting themselves to teach," should they ever desire to do so. (The term "gentler" is here used in its general, and not a musical sense, as the sex is in no way gentle when a piano is the subject of treatment.) "If worse comes to worst, I can teach music, you know," covers all that seems necessary in the preparatory education of a multitude of girls in this country, and perhaps in every civilized land.

Nor have we the slightest intention of recording here that the idea thus expressed is founded upon a mistaken view of life and its experiences, or that, in the true state of affairs, and the future working out of careers, these young people are likely to be disappointed. The truth of the matter seems to be that society, in its practices and employments, justifies just such expectations as these, and does really in daily life draw largely upon sources thus established for its supplies of knowledge and its educational processes as well. Every community in New England to-day has in its representatives of the class to which we have called attention, and the great body of musical educators in our midst at the present time is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made up. Emphatically it is true of a vast number of them that they are eminently calculated to teach young persons to "use words they don't know the meaning of," an acquisition of which the latter class are often disposed to be sufficiently proud. But it should be said that parents not themselves versed in musical knowledge must perforce be governed in their choice of a teacher by such considerations as they can understand, or, at least, they naturally will be so governed; and, since wise counsels cannot always be readily found, and always more or less of prejudice enters into the matter, the decision is in favor, too frequently, of the charlatan or the ignorant pretender to ability as a teacher. In music, too, it is easy to deceive by an appearance of brilliant results, and thus clap-trap often wins the

field where sound sense and thorough principle are defrauded of a foothold.

MUSIC TEACHING AS A BUSINESS.

In reality, however, this writing is intended to consider briefly the business of music teaching, rather than its requirements or the qualifications of those who engage in it. The school-girl is met on the street with her little compact roll just that size which suggests music sheets, on her way to the conservatory or the teacher's house, for the periodical lesson. Every train of cars which comes in or goes out of the city by day, and perhaps it will be safe to say by night also, bears among its passengers a large number armed with the same suggestive roll. From house to house, making short stops, and always in a hurry, the music teacher makes his rounds, or in his rooms, hour after hour, receives an endless, revolving body of callers, each individual arriving at stated intervals, as the wheel goes round in what Mantilini would call "one damned horrid grind," and the monotonous thrumming on the tortured instrument never ceases. The idea occasionally obtrudes itself that the music-teacher must be making a great deal of money; that he or she is a hard-worked member of society, but that the compensation is above the average in cases of unremitting toil. It may be true. In times past it almost invariably was true, but not so certainly now.

For, as has been more than hinted, the present practice in such matters is for any one, has he or she only the merest smattering of knowledge, to engage in teaching if so disposed, and to receive such remuneration as the state of the market, the credulity of the employers, or the conscience of the teacher will allow. The "hard times" have developed an amazing number of these imparters of knowledge, and an employment which was only taken up at first as a recreation, or pursued in obedience to authority, or perchance purely as an amusement, has, by the vicissitudes of daily life, become a "profession," and the main dependence for the necessities of existence has come to rest upon exertions in imparting its principles to others. Of course, under these circumstances, the fields are thoroughly gleaned, and those who cannot reap the thickest grain content themselves with what they may.

COMPARISONS.

As a rule thoroughly good teachers, or perhaps teachers of wide and acknowledged reputation, have no difficulty in obtaining all the employment they desire in their business, and at prices which only obtain where quality of instruction is the main point considered by those paying them. The usual "term" or "course" of lessons consists of twenty, and the top ruling rate here at present for such a course is \$80, or \$4 for each lesson for every individual. A lesson implies an hour's continuous teaching to every learner, that is, outside the conservatories. For organ, piano, or voice, these terms hold, and are not considered exorbitant when such teachers as many well known in this city are concerned. Usually, at this price, the teacher is visited, and without leaving his rooms—fitted up for the purpose—receives his pupils in turn, and applies himself constantly. There are many who excel in musical performance, who might, if they chose so to do, win and hold high place in stage presentations, who nevertheless prefer to win reward by teaching, and who are held in perhaps higher esteem as teachers than they would be as performers. Others both teach and perform. Organists, of sufficient quality to receive independent salaries, almost invariably couple teaching with their engagements, and many of them get many times as much for their lessons as for their practical efforts.

But let no one suppose that the accomplished performer must of necessity and as a matter of course be also a teacher of great merit. Without doubt hundreds of performers have thus made capital of their reputation, and won large returns; but these were not fairly earned, and often no good has resulted to pupils thus deluded. On the other hand, many excellent teachers have no skill, even no ability as public performers, and are never heard of in that capacity.

THE SCALE OF PRICES.

Having named the highest popular prices—there are exceptionally higher rates, to be sure—one may now descend through the scale almost without limit, if any price at all is included in the reckoning. Competition has made the field a hotly contested one by those who have no special reputation or who

have entered it to "take the chances." Men and women—the latter largely in excess—old and young, all classes of musicians, of few or many acquirements, work the ground together, since the object has finally become to win as much money from it as possible. And so it may be possible now to receive an amount of instruction for \$5 such as would once have been thought "dog cheap" at \$50, leaving out, of course, all considerations of quality. The truth is there are many teachers abroad who will give instruction at any price they can secure, their necessities are so great; and in some instances it may be that they are as valuable as many of greater pretensions, only one cannot be in a position to know this. In the great majority of cases such adventurers must be left alone, as the only safe course.

In the conservatories the prices are about \$25 for the course of twenty lessons, which at first sight seems more advantageous terms; but instruction is usually given in classes of four, and individual lessons are of fifteen minutes duration each. There are other advantages in connection with conservatory education, as conducted in this city, for instance; but they do not come within the scope of this writing, which is only to illustrate the business quality of music teaching.

It may be taken for granted then that a music teacher's services may be obtained at almost any price which an employer may feel he can afford, nor is the quality of service entirely dependent upon the price paid. The only safe course is to employ those whom conscientious, educated musicians, of undoubted judgment and good knowledge, practically and otherwise, in the matter, will be willing to recommend. Any teacher of real ability can procure such recommendation, and without it should not be employed with any decided expectations of good results being realized. At the present time there are hundreds of teachers who are not making money, who really have no right to expect to make money at the business at all. The field is large, but it is fully occupied, and we could not conscientiously advise the eldest daughter in the family to whom have come reverses, to take up music-teaching with any strong anticipations of success.

Hungarian Music.

(Paris Correspondence Boston Journal.)

It is drawing near to 6 o'clock, and the crowds which came early in the day are dispersing, faint and weary, and are quarrelling for carriages with which to get cityward to dinner. At this time every day the Tsiganes begin a concert which lasts until nearly every one has gone, although it delays many a person who fancied that he was in haste. The little band of musicians, in its quaint garments, with its weird gestures, its odd instruments, and its extraordinary effects, would win the attention of the coarsest laborer; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that it arrests, as by enchantment, the thousands of cultured folk who enter the Exhibition's gates daily.

Near this corner is the Czarda or Hungarian inn, where the Tsiganes play in the morning, while waiters in jack boots and braided short jackets serve you Magyar dishes in Magyar sauce. An editor of the *Figaro*, who dined there the other day, insists that all the courses, even the dessert, were seasoned with red pepper, but the *Figaro* man is mayhap a son of Belial. We know that it is a pleasant place to dine, and, if you choose, we will leave the bourgeois alone on his bench and climb to the balcony, whither the echoes of the music will readily follow us. It is told that Munkacz, the great Hungarian painter, who has been living in Paris for many years, and whose reputation is world-wide, came to breakfast with a party of friends in the Czarda a few days since. While he was in gayest mood, there suddenly stole out from the instruments of the gypsy band one of those ineffably tender, pathetic refrains, followed by wild and pleading cries of passion and despair, such as only the gypsies can produce, and such as are heard only in Hungary. Munkacz has not been in his native land for years; but at the first sound of this air, which doubtless recalled to him his native village, the trees under which he played when a boy, the old farm-house in which he was born,—the tears came into his eyes; he threw down his knife and fork,—dashed away to the lower story of the Czarda, and remained there some time to conceal his emotion. When he returned no one rallied him, for every one knew the reason of his departure, and all were under the spell of the music.

It is an episodic dinner in which we are engaged, for we may truly say that tears are served with our soup

that Bacchanalian music, the maddest of all mad Strauss waltzes chained in an inextricable manner to a gipsy bird, accompanies the fish; and that with the dish of Porkolt, bathed in fiery sauces, which closes the modest meal, we have an andante that baffles description. But it is at the desserts that the great sensation occurs. The lingers are all at once electrified by the cry of

"Remenyi! Remenyi!"

Now Remenyi is positively the greatest violinist I have ever seen. He has Ole Bull's intense spirituality, and he has added to it something which does not belong to the North—the voluptuous rhythm and melody born of Southern moonlights and the perfumes of rich blossoms. I have seen Remenyi in parlors and adored his talent, but never have I seen him appear to such advantage as on this evening, when he stands before the Czarda in the open air, and, in response to hundreds of solicitations, begins to play on a violin handed up to him from the dusky musicians. Remenyi has the face of a priest; there is nothing secular in his aspect; he seems apart from the world; a certain austerity in his manner contradicts the sensuous poetry in his nature. He was born a musician; no culture could ever have improved or in any sense reformed his temperament. Poet and artist, expression is for him an absolute necessity. In his presence the crowd, which has been rather noisily applauding the Tsiganes, becomes tranquil and hushed. There is a sentiment of reverence in the stillness. While the waiter serves us dessert, and murmurs something which we must not listen to concerning the seductive charms of such wines as the Chateau Paluvay, the Dlosségi Bakar, and old-old Tokay, Remenyi mounts a chair and begins. At first he plays only a simple melody over and over, until people, puzzled, look at each other and murmur. But that repetition is for the purpose of fixing the melody in our minds. Now, with lightning rapidity, he has darted into a series of infinite variations, through all of which we still hear the refrain returning with matchless precision. Then he pours forth a long current of appealing cries, of inarticulate moans of the spirit; of the thousand things which the soul thinks, but cannot utter for itself. And at last he finishes with a mad dance, in which it requires but little fancy to convince us that we hear the clatter of the tamborine, the wail of the gusla, the clink of spurs as cavaliers dance on the hard-baked floors of rustic cabins with pretty maidens. Loud is the applause. Remenyi bows and begins anew. The Tsiganes, who have accompanied him on the previous composition, now look puzzled, smile, and shake their heads. Remenyi is improvising. And what glorious improvisation it is! It is the very climax of passionate expression of the charm and beauty of existence, a wild nature reveling in the mere enjoyment of life. Even the gypsies are inspired by Remenyi's inspiration; one by one they join in the music, and so gradually form an undertone to the master's interpretation. He plays on and on, regardless of time, space, people, everything and anything in the world, until at last the inspired moments have passed, and he finishes the noble composition with a little madrigal, the measure of which causes the Gipsy faces to light up with the warmth of recognition of a familiar air. Then Remenyi steps down from his chair, returns the violin from which he has extracted such magic to its owner, and is off to another section of the gardens, to escape the observation of his admirers.

With Remenyi to aid them these Gipsies are simply astounding; without him they are in the highest sense remarkable. We learn that they are hereafter to play before the Viennese restaurant at eventide, and that they will beguile the morning moments of the frequenters of the Czarda. There are sixteen of these musicians, and when they parade the grounds, clad in their white coats embroidered with most extravagant braid, they eclipse all other sensations. Fashionable society quarrels for the first chance to hear them, and they have even played before the Rothschilds and the Princess of Sagan.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How it Struck A. W. T.

TRIESTE, June 9, 1878.

I had occasion to visit Vienna last month, and while there a friend took me to a performance of Wagner's "Walküre."

It is put upon the stage very magnificently, but still I think the scenic effects and "diablerie" in Weber's "Oberon" and "Der Freyschütz" finer. But what words can convey any adequate idea of the intolerable tediousness of those three hours of slow recitative—of long speeches and declamations to accompaniment—never relieved by even an ariso, or anything like a chorus until near the end! The ear becomes so weary of and dead to the mere orchestral effects, continued without a break or pause, except between the acts, and each act lasting about an hour—that even the "Walkürenritt," which is a very effective piece of programme music in a concert, falls dead—at least it did upon me and most of those with whom I have spoken.

Having never read the interminable discussions of these last Wagnerian productions, I did not even know the substance of the story of the "Walküre," and interpreted the action of the first part thus:

Siegmond, escaping from enemies, takes refuge

with Hunding, who grants him protection for the night, and retires, leaving his daughter (I supposed her to be) with his guest. They incontinentally fall in love with each other, and the act closes with her throwing herself upon his breast, etc. This love business is conducted in such a manner, that, although I have had some case-hardening experience in theatrical scenes of the sort, I had here to blush for any modest women in the house.

In the pause my friend informed me, that this supposed daughter is Hunding's wife and Siegmund's own sister! To express the utter loathing and abhorrence, with which I sat out the rest of this infamous abomination, is beyond my feeble command of language. Beethoven said that he had an antipathy to such texts as "Don Juan" and the "Marriage of Figaro"—but what are they to this? And yet there are those, who pretend that Beethoven was but the John Baptist to the Musical Messiah, Wagner!

To my expressions of disgust, my friend said:

"But the old legend is so."

Ah, indeed!

The wild imagination of the Orient has given to literature those shocking creatures of fancy, the ghouls; those dishumanized men and women, who meet in graveyards at midnight and rob new made graves for their horrid feasts. None but a sort of moral and mental ghoul could drag from the charnel-house of mediæval letters such a subject, gloat over it for years, and exhaust the powers God has given him, to endue it with all the fascinations of scenery and music. Happily those powers are too limited to enable him to avoid the overpowering tediousness, which must forever prevent this apothecosis of ingratitude, carnal lust, adultery and incest, from becoming in any sense popular.

P. S.—Since my return I have found in an article by J. C. Lobe—one of the most interesting of German writers on musical matters of the last thirty-five years—the following:

"As in 'Lohengrin' the bridal-chamber, in 'Tristan and Isolde' the garden-scene, so in the 'Nibelungen,' there are scenes which shock the moral sense. For instance:

Siegmond * embraces Sieglinde—both knowing that they are brother and sister.

"Sieglinde in the very insanity of passion:

Art thou Siegmund
Whom I see here—
Sieglinde am I
Who longed for thee;
Thy own, own Sister
Thou wonnest at once with the sword.

Siegmond:

Bride and Sister
Art thou to brother—
And so the Walsung race shall live!"

The stage direction is: "He clasps her with raging fire to his breast. The curtain falls rapidly."

[Pretty poor poetry is this—but my translation is as poetic to the full as the original.]

"No," says Lobe, "he who writes such scenes for our times cannot possibly be called the regenerator (or rather ennobler, if we had such a word—*Veredler*) of the Drama."

The article—republished in a volume entitled, "*Consonanzen und Dissonanzen*," Leipzig, 1869—concludes with a page or two of remarks equally caustic, truthful and well-merited, upon the absurd trash, that Wagner prints as poetry—God save the mark!

I see the Handel and Haydn Society—God bless it!—has been giving Verdi's Requiem. (I don't

* Who has just drawn a sort of magic sword from the trunk of a huge oak.

mean particularly, God bless it for *that*.) Years ago it gave Mozart's, and now it should give Cherubini's. Indeed, why not give the three in successive concerts? Verdi's the most Italian and operatic—Mozart's the most pathetic, touching, and beautiful, Cherubini's by all odds the grandest and most sublime.

A. W. T.

Opera in London.

ROYAL ITALIAN. The *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, his swan's song, as far as dramatic music is concerned, upon which during a lengthened artistic career he was principally engaged, was represented for the first time this season yesterday evening, for the *début* of a singer hitherto unknown to London audiences. The lady who on the present occasion assumed the part of Selika, the loving, devoted, and self-sacrificing African Queen—first "created" in Paris by Mme. Sars, and first in London, at Covent Garden, by Mme. Pauline Lucca—is a Mlle. Mantilla, to judge by her performance no novice on the lyric boards. She is gifted with a voice of considerable compass, apparently somewhat worn in the upper notes, but capable in each department of the register, and at easy command of its possessor. In addition to this Mlle. Mantilla sings with force and inviolable intelligence, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the character. The very late hour at which the opera came to an end precludes us from entering upon details, even in general terms, about the merits of her performance; but we may point to the great duet with Vasco di Gama, where the wily Portuguese explorer, forgetful of his love for Inez, swears devotion to his once slave, now, by force of circumstances, Queen, (worthily pendant to the famous duet between the lovers in the *Huguenots*), and to the final soliloquy, under the branches of the Macanilla, when, at the departure of Vasco in his ship, she yields to the fatal influence and expires, as worthy special notice. Both of these were touching, expressive, and artistically good, well meriting the applause and call before the curtain that followed. Signor Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, is in every respect an admirable representative of Vasco di Gama; Signor Graziani is the earnest and emphatic Nelusko with whom we have for some time been familiar; and a better Inez than Mme. Smeroschi could scarcely be desired. The remaining parts were competently sustained, and the performance for the most part, including orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, was striking and effective. The famous unison prelude to the last act was superbly played, and, as of old, encored with enthusiasm. Mlle. Mantilla's next appearance was to be as Amelia, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*.—*Times*, June 4.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The reproduction of *Robert le Diable*, through which, in 1831, Meyerbeer obtained his first brilliant success at the Paris Grand Opera (then styled "Académie Royale de Musique"), afforded Miss Minnie Hauk a new opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent. Alice, the devoted foster-sister, who reveals to Robert his mother's last wishes, standing to the last between him and perdition, acting, in fact, as the spirit of good against the spirit of evil, represented in the person of the tempter, Bertram, is a character well-suited to the natural gifts and artistic acquirements of Miss Hauk, who had already shown herself, in *Violetta* and *Marguerite*, possessed not only of the qualities essential to a singer, but also of those essential to an actress, the union of which entitles her—and this in no ordinary sense—to the denomination of "lyric comedian." That the music which Meyerbeer has put into the lips of his most ingenious and charming heroine is sympathetic to the young American, besides being thoroughly suited to her vocal means, was speedily shown in her appealingly earnest delivery of the air, "Vanne disse, al figlio" ("Va! dit elle"—according to the original), in which Alice confides to her foster-brother his mother's dying bequest. The surprise and terror of the Norman maiden at first seeing Bertram was powerfully simulated, and the dramatic instinct of Miss Hauk at once revealed itself in the most natural manner. The great scene of the Cross afforded her still more favorable opportunities of demonstrating how closely and with what intelligence she had studied the part. The tuneful soliloquy, "Nel lasciar la Normandia" ("Quand je quittais la Normandie")—in spontaneous freshness of melody never surpassed by its composer—was sung with a charm of voice and genuine simplicity that left absolutely nothing to desire. The interview with Bertram, however, was the point which justified the highest opinions of Miss Hauk's ability to represent the character. Her rush to the Cross for protection at the menaces of Bertram, and her exclamation, "E meco il Ciel!" when Alice has clasped the sacred emblem, produced a deep and legitimate impression, and obtained the loudest applause of the evening. Her exertions in the last act, where, by tendering to

Robert the document in his mother's handwriting, Alice strengthens his irresolution, until the fatal hour has tolled which saves him from the machinations of of Bertram, confirmed a success calculated to raise Miss Hauk another step in public favor. Her associates were Signor Fancelli, who played Robert last year, and whose voice enables him to master, with apparent ease, music (as amateurs need hardly be told) of more than common difficulty; Signor Dondi, who, if his voice possessed greater sonority in the lower tones, would be a still more efficient Bertram, a character of which, inexplicable as it is, he seems to comprehend the mysterious significance; Signor Rinaldini, Raimbault—a part once played by Mario, when Tamberlik, in his prime, took that of Robert (halcyon days!); and Mlle. Alwina Valleria, who gave the Princess Isabella's first air, "In vano il fatto" ("En vain j'espère") with remarkable facility, and whose "Robert, oh! tu che adoro," if she made less stress upon her higher notes, would be well-nigh irreproachable. Meyerbeer's opera is put upon the stage in the most complete manner, the scene of the Resuscitation of the Nuns being quite as effective as before, Mlle. Malwina Cavalazzi creating a lively impression as Elena, quondam-Abbess of the ruined convent of St. Rosalie, both by graceful pantomime and admirable dancing. The execution generally of Meyerbeer's opera, under the practised and energetic direction of Sir Michael Costa, was just what might have been expected from such a conductor and such an orchestra as he has the good fortune to preside over.

Mme. Etelka Gerster, by her impersonation of the heroine in Gounod's *Faust*, has legitimately added one more to her successes at Her Majesty's Theatre. What is especially to be commended in Mr. Mapleson's Hungarian *prima donna*, who has already gained such marked approval, is the individuality imparted to each character she undertakes. Imitating no contemporary, Mme. Gerster thinks for herself, which alone is an attraction to those who believe that an essential requirement for every artist aiming at a position apart from the ordinary rank is originality of conception. Regarded from this point of view, Mme. Gerster's *Marguerite* deserves serious consideration. The music does not afford her so many occasions for the free display of certain exceptional endowments with which she has been justly credited—few such, indeed, as are vouchsafed to her in the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, and *Lucia*; but it enables her to exhibit other merits, to which attention has been more than once directed. The beauty of the higher notes in the register of her voice and her facile command of them form by no means Mme. Gerster's exclusive claim to admiration. As was remarked a twelvemonth since, she can use the medium tones in such a manner as to compel her hearers to feel of what quality they are actually made, and to what excellent uses they may be put. That Mme. Gerster gave the "Jewel Song" with fluency and brilliant effect may be taken for granted; but not less deserving of praise was her delivery of the two melodious *cantabile* passages in the subsequent love duet with Faust, to which she imparted an expression too genuine to be unfelt. Enough that her successive assumptions continually show progress—the evidence of assiduous study, without which no aspiring artist can ever reach the highest place. Mr. Mapleson's fine-voiced contralto, Mlle. Tremelli (Siebel), Mme. Lablache (Martha), Signor Campanini (Faust), Signors Del Puente and Rota (Valentine and Mephistopheles), completed the cast of the *dramatis personæ* at the first performance.

The other operas during the week were *Il Barbiere*, with Miss Minnie Hauk as Rosina—substituted for *Ruy Blas* in consequence of the indisposition of Mlle. Caroline Salla; the *Sonnambula*, with Mme. Gerster and Signor Campanini; and the *Huguenots*, for the first appearance of that popular favorite Mme. Trebelli, who as Urbano, the page, received the cordial and unanimous greeting to which her artistic merits fully entitle her, and was unanimously encored in her first air. Mlle. Salla, happily recovered from her indisposition, was the Valentine of the evening, and justified all the praises awarded to her impersonation of that arduous character last year. Meanwhile Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, with Miss Hauk as the heroine, is anxiously expected.—*Ibid.*

DARMSTADT. The oratorio of *Barbarossa's Erwachen* (The Awakening of Barbarossa), by C. A. Mangold, was recently performed, with a satisfactory result, under the direction of the composer.

ERFURT. At the approaching Musical Festival of the General Musical Union of Germany, the programme will include among other things: *Te Deum* (Kiel); "De Profundis" (Raff); 13th Psalm and "Hungaria" (Liszt); Fragments from *Faust* (Lenau); Overture to *Narriss* (Erdmannsdörfer); Pianoforte Concerto (Bronsart); and *Phæton*, (Saint-Saëns).

The Spinnet.*

The spinet, though now so decried, and declared by J. J. Rousseau to be both dull and sharp, is an instrument which for three centuries was the delight of the musical world. The piano, invented by Bartolommeo Cristoforo, of Padua, could not dethrone it till after a considerable time and important improvements. So many years of service deserve some slight consideration. We may, therefore, perhaps, be allowed to give a few exact details, of which people know little or nothing respecting the origin of the instrument, its invention, and its etymology; we shall, so to speak, be paying it the last marks of respect. No modern work mentions the name of the inventor; as for its etymology, all the dictionaries and class-books agree:—

"Ce nom lui a été donné à cause de ses petites pointes de plumes qui tirent le son des cordes, et qui ressemblent à des épines."—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*.

"Parce que des pointes des plumes de corbean en forme d'épines servent à pincer les cordes."—*Dictionnaire de Littré*.

A DUOBUS DISCE OMNES! The author of this explanation, so generally received, and, we must admit, so seemingly correct, is Julius Caesar Scaliger. In his *Poetice*, published at Lyons, in 1581, he says (lib. I., cap. LXIII.): "Addite deinde plectris corinarum pennarum cuspidis; ex areis filis expressorem eliciunt harmoniam. Me puero, clavicymbalum et harpsichordium, nunc, ab illis mucronibus, spinetum nominant." That is: "The points of crow-quills were then added to the keys; they obtain from the wires more expressive harmony. That which, when I was a child, used to be denominated a clavicymbalum and a harpsichordium, is now called, on account of these little points, a spinet." This explanation, which subsequently became stereotyped, contains two errors: the spinet was known before Scaliger was born, and its name was derived not from the quill-points, or *mucrones*, but from the name of the inventor, Giovanni Spinetti, of Venice. Ad. Banchieri, a celebrated composer of the end of the 16th century furnishes a proof of this in his work entitled *Conclusioni nel suono dell' organo*, di D. Adriano Banchieri, Bolognese, olivetano e organista di S. Michele in Bosco; novellamente tradotte e dilucidate in scrittori musici e organisti celebri, etc. In *Bologna, per gli heredi di Gio. Rossi, MDCVIII.* "Spigetto," says Banchieri in the above work, "riceve tal nome dall' inventore di tal forma longa quadrata, il quale fu un maestro Giovanni Spinetti, Venetiano, et uno di tali stromenti ho veduto io alle mani di Francesco Stivori, organista della magnifica communita di Montagnana, dentrovi questa iscrizione: JOHANNES SPINETUS VENETUS FECIT, A. D. 1503." Thus the illustrious author himself saw in the possession of Francesco Stivori, "organist of the magnificent community of Montagnana," an instrument with the inscription, *Johannes Spinetus Venetus fecit, A.D. 1503*. We can, therefore, no longer have any doubt as to the inventor of the Spinnet, nor the etymology of its name. Touching the epoch of its invention, we think it was about the second half of the 15th century, and we are of opinion that the instrument mentioned above was one of the last made by the inventor. Here are our reasons. The spinet was known in France and the Netherlands at the commencement of the 16th century. To have travelled so far, a long time must have been required, for, even setting down the date of the invention at about 1460, we should still have reason for astonishment at the rapidity with which the instrument had made its way in the world. In proof of what we advance, we will give some quotations from the first volume of that inter-

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*. Translated in *London Musical World*.

† "This name was given it on account of the little quill-points which draw the sound from the strings and resemble thorns."—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*.

‡ "Because the ends of crow-quills in the form of thorns strike the strings."—*Dictionnaire de Littré*.

§ Conclusions on the sound of the organ by D. Adriano Banchieri, of Bologna, olivetano and organist at St. Michael's in Bosco; newly translated and elucidated from musical writers and celebrated organists, etc., Bologna, by the successors to Gio. Rossi, MDCVIII.—See, concerning this exceedingly rare book, the last number but one of G. Gaspari's erudite work, *De musicisti Bolognesi, nella seconda metà del secolo XVI*.

|| "The spinet receives its name from the inventor of the long square-form, who was a Master Giovanni Spinetti, a Venetian, and I myself saw one of them in the possession of Francesco Stivori, organist of the magnificent community of Montagnana, with this inscription inside it: JOHANNES SPINETUS VENETUS FECIT, A.D. 1503."

esting work, *La Musique aux Pays-Bas*, by our erudite friend, E. Vander Straeten:—

"A ung organiste de la ville d'Anvers, la somme de vi. livres auquel madite dame" (Marguerite d'Autriche) "en a fait don de ce que le second jour de décembre xv-xxii" (1522) "il a amené deux jeunes enfans, fils et fille, qu'ils ont joué sur une espinette et chanté à son dîner."

"A l'organiste de Monsieur de Fienes, sept livres dont Madame" (Marguerite d'Autriche) "lui a fait don en faveur de ce que le second jour de décembre xv-xxvi" (1526) "il est venu jouer d'un instrument dit espinette, devant elle à son dîner. (Comptes de l'Hôtel de Marguerite)." *

"The inventory of the Château de Pont-d'Ain, of 1531, mentions: una espinetta cum suo styg." †

We may add that one of the first works published by Pierre Attaignant was dedicated to the *jeu d'espinettes*, that is, the spinet. Here is the title of this exceedingly rare collection:—

"*Quatorze Galliards, neuf Pavannes, sept Bransles et deux Basses-Dances, le tout reduit de musique en la tablature du jeu Dorgues, Espinettes, Manchordions et tels semblables instruments musicaux, imprimés à Paris par Pierre Attaignant. MDXXXIX.*" (Munich Library):‡

In issuing this collection, the publisher must certainly have relied on the existence of a certain number of spinettists. Finally, the Court had its spinet player. Thomas Champion, surnamed Mithon (it is thus that he signs the preface to his little *Psalter* of 1561) was the Royal organiste et espinette (organist and spinettist). It was he who, according to Mersenne (*Harmonie universelle*), "cleared the path for what concerns the organ and the spinet, on which he extemporized all kinds of designs and fugues. His son, too, Jacques Champion, exhibited great science and a fine touch on the spinet."

But enough of arguments. Our object, we hope, is attained. Before terminating this short article, devoid of any flowers of rhetoric, which generally teach the reader nothing, we will mention some few other *fesveurs d'espinettes*, or spinet-makers, of the 16th and 17th centuries. The Museum of the Paris Conservatory possesses an instrument of this kind, dating from 1523, and made by Francesco di Port alupis, of Verona; the instruments of Dominicus Pisamensis and of Antonio Patavini, belong to about the same epoch. In the collection of instruments left by Ferdinand di Medici, and confided to Cristofori, there were *espinette* by Domenico da Pesaro, Giuseppe Mondini, and Girolama Zenti; a Venetian collection, sold a few years ago, contained specimens by Donatus Dundens (1623) and Celestini Johannes (1610). The task of utilizing the above facts we leave to others.

GEORGES BECKER.

* "To an organist of the town of Antwerp, the sum of 6 livres, which were given to him by my lady aforesaid" (Marguerite of Austria) "for that, on the 15th day of October xv-xxii" (1522) "he brought two children, son and daughter, who played on a spinet and sang during her dinner."

† "To the organist of Monsieur de Fienes, seven livres, which my lady" (Marguerite of Austria) "gave him, for that on the second day of December xv-xxvi" (1526) "he came and played on an instrument called a spinet, before her at her dinner.—(Accounts of Marguerite's Household.)"

‡ "A spinet with its case."

§ "Fourteen Galliards, nine Pavans, seven Brawls, and two Country Dances, the whole reduced from music in the notation of the Organ, Spinet, Manchord, and similar instruments. Printed at Paris by Pierre Attaignant, MDXXXIX."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1878.

Too Much Music.

TOUJOURS PERDRIX!

We went the other evening to the Museum to hear a light French Opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," sung and spoken in English. It is refreshing to go to something that is rather unpretending in the way of Art and find it pretty good. Such was our experience with this pretty little opera by Planquet (?). The music, to be sure, is of the lightest, some of it frivolous; but it is graceful, lively, buoyant, and not without variety, some scenes, as that of the old castle supposed to be haunted with ghosts, mingling mystery with humor in a clever way. The plot, too, is interesting, closely imitating the Richmond Fair scene of *Martha*, and sug-

gesting, not imitating, the "Phantom Chorus" of the *Sonnambula*. There are portions of the music nearly as fresh and natural as these. But both musically and dramatically it is altogether better than the Opera Bouffe of Offenbach, etc., being quite as witty, more entertaining, and altogether decent and unexceptionable from the moral or the æsthetic point of view. The only drawback was that the scene of the old miser in the castle, rigging up his ghosts and gloating over his hidden treasure, was dragged out at an intolerably slow rate. The acting and the singing were for the most part good. Mr. CASTLE still retains much of his old charm of voice and style, and the other tenor, Mr. TURNER, has a sweet voice and sings with good expression. Mr. PEAKES, too, made a marked impression by his acting of the miser, as well as by his delivery of one or two songs with his large, well-trained bass voice. The part of the mischievous waif, Mignonette, was made very bright and piquant, both in song and dialogue, by Miss MELVILLE; and pretty Mrs. SAGUIN still acts charmingly, and sings some things gracefully, though some of her tones, especially the lower ones, have grown hard and blatant. Her husband did well as the Sheriff.

Many a more pretentious opera has given us less pleasure than this little piece at the Museum. At all events—and this is what we meant to come at when we wrote down the title of this article—there is always one good thing about an opera, even if you find nothing else, and that is the *silence of the orchestra between the acts*. This alone would reconcile us to an indifferent opera instead of the hack-nied silly plays.

We have long thought the music between the acts an infliction and a nuisance. It is a continual pounding on your brain of hacknied dance tunes, pot-pourris or what not, with drums and brass, forbidding talk with friends and neighbors, and forbidding rest when you need a little after your sympathies have been wrought upon throughout a long act of the drama. The music, as music, is seldom edifying or even entertaining. It certainly is not inspiring, it gives no lift to the weary mind and jaded senses; inwardly you only pray to be delivered from the noise. And also from the cloying sentimental sweetness of the eve-lasting cornet solo; it is like dogdays in the coldest winter night, or a molasses bath. Fatigued, bewildered, crazed and stunned by this unremitting too much of a good thing, this glut of music when you do not feel the appetite, music as it were crammed down your throat and beaten into your brain, how you long to have

"Silence, like a poultice, come
To heal the wounds of sound."

They manage these things better in the European theatres. At the Imperial Schauspielhaus, for instance, at Berlin, there is no orchestra present during the performance of a spoken drama; unless in such a case as the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, or Goethe's *Egmont*, where masters like Mendelssohn and Beethoven have composed musical interludes expressly for the play in illustration of its scenes and characters. It is the same at the Theatre Français in Paris. But in our theatres the entr'acte music has nothing at all to do with the play, and is a senseless, stupid, wearisome distraction. The noisy practice brings the most classical temple of the drama down to the level of a common circus.

But this is not the worst of it. Nowadays we have to hear the orchestra all through the play. This modern way, particularly in harrowing sensational dramas, though not confined to them, of setting up a nervous tremolo pianissimo accompaniment in the strings at every entrance of a mysteri-

ous personage, or at the approach of any critical moment, or throughout a very sentimental scene or passage, is simply an abomination and a nuisance. It is a vulgar trick of effect, reducing every play to a cheap melodrama. It is not music, it is only a senseless irritation of the nerves, intolerable to any sensitive and refined listener, be he musical or not. Why do they do it? What good end is gained by it? Does it make the tragedy more tragical? the villain of the play more terrible? the meeting or the parting, however fateful, of the lovers, more heart-rending? No, it only makes you ready to exclaim like Othello: Silence, those dreadful violins! This pestilent accompaniment, this quaking undertone of nervous dread or mystery, this hysterical tittering tremolo of strings, just robs the scene of any semblance of reality. If the scene be one to thrill and make us shudder, we don't want the shuddering *done for us* in the orchestra! And while we fight that off and shrink from it, as from the hum of persecuting insects, our sympathies are withdrawn from the play itself. Why strive to turn the play into a *quasi* opera, a thing neither fish, flesh nor fowl? All these cheap arts of heightening the effect, only enfeeble it, and vulgarize the whole thing. We do not wish to be told when we must thrill, when we must tremble with expectation. These signals are officious and impertinent. If the play itself be not "the thing to catch the conscience of the king," will your cheap advertising dodge of "tremolo" be apt to do it?

2. So much for our Theatre music. But it is not worse than the College music;—we mean the music employed to enliven (?) our Academic Anniversaries—Commencement, the Alumni dinner, Phi Beta Kappa, and the like. "Too much music!" is a very common exclamation here too. Too much in quantity, because so cheap in quality, so ill-considered, out of place. Dear Mother Harvard, with her own Musical Professor, at least, might and should do better. Certainly the music to which the long lines of graduates time their steps in the winding procession into Sanders Theatre and into the magnificent Memorial dining-hall—the band entering the Hall before them and taking up its position in the high end gallery, where without a moment's pause the big drum and bass tubas keep on pounding and braying out the loud and stunning march till every man of the 900 is seated, dooming us all to noise which renders conversation or repose of spirit quite impossible, for full twenty minutes in there,—surely this could never be in accordance with the ideas or taste of the Professor. It must be because all other considerations of taste or fitness are sacrificed to the one thought of economy—the most noise for the least money. The musical selections, too, are often singularly unfortunate, incongruous, apropos of nothing said or done; a silly bit of Offenbach before or after a serious poem or oration; mostly music to which one is not expected to listen, and therefore silence would be so much better; then at any rate there would be some chance to talk with one another undisturbed. In a venerable University, one would think, a certain classic dignity and sanctity ought to pervade the music of its high festivals, while it may very properly be cheerful. It should all have some character of Art, some meaning and æsthetic fitness; something to lift and glorify, and not to disturb and weary and depress, and turn all into hum-drum.—We only allude to the evil and state the problem now. The solution we should think might be easy. Perhaps we shall return to the question as a special topic on another warm day (such days being so provocative of this sort of complaining). If music is to have a part at Commencement, it ought to be a part worth listening to as such.

3. We will not undertake to enumerate the various elements which compose the unremitting Babel and pandemonium of sounds—some of them sweet,

it may be, singly—which allow one no peace in a city in the hot months,—especially at night. The brass bands, the circuses and picnic parties, the loud barrel organs with wind (!) at highest pressure, the singers at windows and on door-steps, the indefatigable piano practicer or sentimental dying Edgardo of the cornet, the exasperating accordeon, which gets so near the outline of a tune; all working away for dear life, doing a painful business at the expense of your ears and your peace of mind, if not of your pocket;—these everybody knows and suffers from. The list may be multiplied indefinitely. We would not have them all suppressed because of the accidental annoyance which results from some or all of them combined. But it is worth while to inquire whether Music itself be not the greatest sufferer by it; whether this continual hearing without regarding (any more than we can help) has not a tendency in the long run to blunt the finer sensibilities to harmony, and render us habitually indifferent and callous to much which in the proper time and place, presented in its freshness like a rose, would yield an exquisite sensation and speak to heart and soul as well as sense. As it is, our life is strewn with a cumbersome confusion of the trampled roses and rejected bouquets of tone, all tossed together pell-mell.

We have borrowed the title and the motto of this rambling article from one by Ferdinand Hiller: "*Zu viel Musik*," from which we are tempted to translate here a few passages which seem to our purpose. This, for instance, about the orchestral *Pot-pourris* we hear so often in our theatres:

"A melody sounds out; you scarcely catch it, when it is interrupted to give place to the beginning of another; and so beginnings are strung upon beginnings, until at last it comes to an end. There is nothing to be compared to the abuse here practiced with the most charming inspirations of genius. That favorite plaything of our younger years, the Kaleidoscope, afforded a highly artistic enjoyment compared to these musical 'dissolving views;' turn the instrument ever so fast, the eye always seized a whole; but here there passes in review before you a battalion of lame, limping, one-legged, club-footed melodies. That torture of the nerves, which plays an important part in the sung and spoken drama, in the romances and the newspapers of the present day, here sports itself with the most self-satisfied air; they call the effect suggestive and exciting. Or is it meant to be an exercise of memory for hearers somewhat versed in music? For verily the exclamation: 'Where is that from?' and this? and that?' is about all that anybody has to say of it. The locks of memory (to use so bold a metaphor) are pulled, twitched, plucked out,—the patient sits in silence—and this is supposed to be a pleasure! It is vile defamation of the Art and of the hearer. The *Quodlibet*, which is sung, is by no means so bad in its nonsensicality; for in this the word plays the chief part, and the poor wit, which indeed can be quite amusing, belongs to the word. But pure music, instrumental music, is as ill-adapted to nonsense, as it is to philosophy.

"Our modern instrumentation, which can be ear-splitting, as well as daintily refined, often asserts itself in the most fatal manner in these popular performances. Since rhythm is the great thing, according to the proverb: 'What one has not in his head, he must have in his legs,' we have it not only marked, but drummed and pounded into us. The in many respects very problematical perfecting of the brass instruments brings out deafening and burlesque phenomena. The most conspicuous, although we are all accustomed to him, is the sentimental trumpeter.

"The sentimental trumpeter is perhaps also to be found at popular gatherings, shooting matches, and in Parliaments both high and low,—but here

we have not to do with these. Our concern is with the man who devotes himself, with the whole depth of his soul and the whole sweetness of his brass, to the *Cantilena*. How he has learned to tame his proud and warlike instrument! There stands he like a true beast-tamer, fondling with the lion as if it were a lap-dog. The trumpet languishes, laments, trembles under his lips. The most melting *ritardandos* of the Italian prima donna, her dying away and her recovery, nothing does he leave unattempted;—the *jodel* transformed into a German love song terrifies him not. All the accents of emotion and of passion he knows how to appropriate to himself. He quakes and whistles, he peals and shrills out ornaments (*Coloratur*), he makes trills of yearning,—as the bear dances.*"

"Why is it that we so seldom hear beautiful dances played in public places? For a waltz of Strauss I would gladly give half a dozen Opera finales. And if there must be music-making everywhere, under every tree and hedge, on land and water, on mountains and in valleys, let them at least make it fresh and joyous, and leave the decoration music where it belongs, in the midst of the decorations.

"But above all give us music in homœopathic doses at ceremonial dinners—loyal, national banquets and the like. A little instrumental noise at the beginning and the end,—a couple of merry songs in the middle,—anything more is bad. We Germans have borne the reproach for centuries, that we ate too much, and drank much too much. But shall we not ruin the stomach, when conversation with our next neighbor becomes a Demosthenic exercise of the lungs? How many genial, witty thoughts on such occasions have been swallowed up by Verdi, or made a sacrifice to Meyerbeer! And how much *Katsenjammer* must Offenbach have on his conscience! Let us be a little less musical, and we shall become more musical."

OPERA COMING. New York, it seems, has a fine prospect of Italian Opera for the next season and for years to come; Opera upon a more complete scale than ever before, and under the control of Mr. Mapleson, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Whether New York is to have the exclusive enjoyment of it, or whether the company will also visit Boston and other cities, we are not informed. But here is what the London *Figaro* (June 22) promulgates of the plan:

ENGLAND and America will be brought still closer in art union by the important arrangement which was come to on Saturday last. On that day Mr. J. H. Mapleson signed a contract by which he undertakes to give a series of Italian operatic performances of the highest class simultaneously in England and New York. Let it be at once thoroughly understood that Mr. Mapleson has no intention of giving up his valuable connection in England. For many years past he has administered Italian operatic affairs at a great London theatre, and at upwards of thirty theatres in the provinces. To resign a connection which it has been the work of years to form would be absurd, and the operatic enterprise in America will, I am authoritatively informed, in no way interfere with Mr. Mapleson's ordinary seasons in England.

BRIEFLY, then, Mr. Mapleson has taken the lease of the New York Academy of Music for the winters, during a term of seven years. Thanks to the efforts and the business courtesy of Mr. Morton, the new chairman of directors, and a prominent New York banker, of Mr. Belmont, the New York banker, of Mr. Tiffany, the celebrated New York jeweler, and of Mr. Seward, son of Mr. Lincoln's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who came to Europe expressly to conduct the negotiations, Mr. Mapleson has the Academy of Music on the most liberal terms. The property seat-holders (dead heads), which, numbering 2500, formerly ate the enterprise up, have now been reduced to 200; the directors, finding no scenery has been painted for years, will restock the theatre; the house will be completely redecorated; two feet will be taken from the stage and added to the orchestra, which will thus accommodate a band as large as that of Sir Michael Costa's orchestra; while the lighting of the stage will be upon the

* A very musical friend once wrote to us from Newport: "To-day I have heard '*Casta Diva*' seven times; four times with the monkey, and three times without (i.e., sung in houses); on the whole I prefer it with the monkey."—Ed.

plan so successfully adopted at Her Majesty's Theatre.

* * *

MR. MAPLESON proposes to give Italian opera in New York on a scale never before attempted there. His watchword will be "ensemble," and the orchestra and chorus (usually deplorable in an American opera-house) will be upon the high standard of excellence observed at Her Majesty's Theatre. The chorus, for instance, will consist of 70 picked voices, instead of the choir of 24 which New York amateurs have hitherto been accorded, and the entire arrangements will be upon a similarly liberal scale. After a brief opera tour in the British provinces, the first contingent of the troupe, consisting of 120 individuals (principal vocalists, chorus, and the leading members of the orchestra), will sail from Queenstown, opening at the New York Academy of Music the last week of October. The autumn season will consist of 30 nights and 12 *matinées*, terminating Dec. 15. The artists will, if necessary, be alternated between Europe and America, and a first-rate troupe, consisting of the leading members of Her Majesty's Opera, with other celebrated artists, will, from time to time, be recruited from Europe. The spring season will commence at New York on Feb. 3, and will last till March 26, the company arriving back for the London summer season, which will begin at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, April 9. The directors of the Academy of Music are to be congratulated upon the success which has attended their efforts to place Italian opera in New York upon a European footing; and England may also plume itself on the fact that the most popular and able of its operatic *entrepreneurs* has been selected for the task. The American public are thirsting for Italian opera played as it ought to be played, and there is no man more able than Mr. Mapleson to give it them upon a scale unexampled in the history of opera in the United States.

MME. PAPPENHEIM IN LONDON. Here is what *Figaro* says of her debut on the 15th ult., after speaking of the "forces arrayed against her which might have terrified a far older artist:"

MADAME PAPPENHEIM, however, soon showed herself no ordinary artist. Gifted with a large and powerful mezzo-soprano voice, a commanding physique, and a pronounced style, she soon made friends. It is, however, desirable that Madame Pappenheim, who has been accustomed to American audiences, should recollect that a style can be even too pronounced for London amateurs. A little less extravagance in her impersonation, a little less violence in her gestures and movements, would be a decided improvement. So, too, she must remember that Her Majesty's Theatre, though large, is almost perfect from an acoustic point of view, and that there is no necessity whatever to shout. Still less wise is it for Madame Pappenheim to force the upper and weakest part of her voice, a fact which the lady herself discovered when the famous prolonged upper C in the duet with *Marcel*, shrieked out with full force of lungs, incontinently broke in twain. Lastly, opera-goers who know and appreciate Meyerbeer's music, will resent any alteration of that music to suit the vocalist's sweet convenience, and will believe the cadence Madame Pappenheim substituted for a well-known descending chromatic scale in the duet with *Raoul* no improvement at all. However, these are mere faults of detail, legitimately pointed out and easily remediable. Instead of them the critic would prefer to dwell upon the fine voice of the new comer, upon her great intelligence and her large histrionic ability. Her acting throughout the scene of the benediction of the swords was, though somewhat highly colored, powerful in the extreme, and in the subsequent duet with *Raoul* she displayed a dramatic force which recalled the best days of Titiens. In Madame Pappenheim there is no doubt Mr. Mapleson has secured a prize, and her second debut as the *Leonora* of "*Fidelio*" will be looked forward to with every degree of interest. In that character especially, Madame Pappenheim will do well to moderate her redundancy of gesture, and to stick as closely as possible to the text of Beethoven's music.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD will give pianoforte recitals before the American National Music Teachers' Association at Chantabua Lake, N. Y., July 2, 3, 4, and from thence he will proceed to Lyons, N. Y., to open his normal musical institute for the summer term.

JENNY LIND having heard Miss LILLIAN B. NORTON sing, had a private interview with her, and the result is that Miss Norton places herself under the tuition of Jenny Lind, who is to prepare her for the opera. So we read.

Zerrahn in California.

It is an undoubted fact, and one that it is pleasant to record, that the great success of the recent May Festival in San Francisco was due very largely to the efforts of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who conducted the great chorus and orchestra, and taught them both at rehearsals as carefully, energetically and enthusiastically as he always does. It must have been an immense satisfaction to the Boston soloists who accompanied and assisted him, to see how thoroughly he was appreciated there, and it certainly was gratifying to all his friends here to learn of it. The kind, generous hospitality of Californians is known the world over, as is also the fact that in "Frisco intrinsic worth is the measure of popularity. In returning from California Mr. Zerrahn has brought with him a number of most elegant and costly presents, rich and unique in design and of remarkable workmanship. His many admirers there, whose friendship seems to have been of spontaneous growth, were generous and hospitable to such an extent that finally the recipient could not be astonished at anything. The great orchestra evinced their thorough appreciation of Mr. Zerrahn by presenting him with a most elegant gold medal, to be worn on the coat. On the bar from which the medal hangs is the recipient's name, and directly underneath are the famous names "Rienzi, Wagner." On the front of the medal is a laurel wreath of gold, and in the centre is a large solitaire diamond of unusual brilliancy. On the reverse are the words, "Presented as a token of esteem by the orchestra of the San Francisco May Festival, 1878." With the medal came some verses in German, printed on satin, which are highly complimentary, and were written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Paulsen, editor of the *Democrat*. One of the most unique and at the same time one of the most costly presents, is a watch chain with a pendant, and sleeve buttons to match. The chain is made of little bars of gold quartz bound securely in gold and connected by links of gold. The pendant is also of solid gold with a locket, one-half of which can be opened, and the other half contains in six divisions specimens of the ores which have made California famous. The sleeve buttons are much like the pendant and have the same specimens of ores for ornaments. In both cases the little receptacles for the ores are covered by beautifully clear crystals. The bouquet of artists, about sixty ladies and gentlemen, presented him with these and also with a baton of unsurpassed beauty. It is of ebony, bound in solid gold. The ends are bound with gold bands and tipped with splendid specimens of polished gold quartz. The larger end opens, and is found to contain the same rich little specimens of ore that adorn the sleeve-buttons and watch-chain pendant. At about the middle of the baton is a large band of gold, on which are the words, "Presented to Carl Zerrahn, conductor of the Musical Festival of San Francisco, 1878, by the Bouquet of Artists." The chorus showed their sentiments toward their conductor by presenting him with a large portfolio, containing colossal photographs of California scenery. The covers of the portfolio are made of two kinds of native wood, both made more beautiful by being highly polished. On one of the covers, in the centre, is a large silver plate on which are the words, "From admirers in the chorus, May Festival, 1878, San Francisco, Cal." This was presented to him by a lady, before the whole audience, after the performance of the first part of "Elijah." His store of beautiful natural specimens, artistically treated, was further augmented by a lyre made of sea mosses and shells of California. It is a very delicately constructed ornament, and reflects great credit on the artistic ability and taste of the lady who made and presented it, Mrs. Button. There can be no description of the presents that will do them justice, and they certainly were well deserved by the popular conductor to whom they were presented.—*Advertiser*, June 21.

Music in Paris.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* describes the opening concert of the Salle des Fêtes in connection with the Paris Exposition. Of the building he says:—The ensemble of the structure is imposing. On the ground floor, arranged as a parqu岸—here called orchestra stalls,—there are 1500 seats. In the first row there are forty-two boxes, in the form of *balconettes*, with pilasters of black and gold supporting the balcony, which is divided into fifty opera boxes. The appearance of the pilasters is melancholy and funereal, and is not sufficiently relieved by the hangings of dark-crimson velvet. Above the balcony is a vast amphitheatre for 2000 persons. Around, pierced in the wall, like the windows above which they are placed, are nine spacious tribunes. On the right and left of the stage, which is double the size of that of the Grand Opera, are two large proscenium boxes, one intended for the president of the Republic, the other for the minister of agriculture and commerce. The ornamentation of the hall is showy, if you except the black and gold pilasters. On the ceiling is a rose, divided into twelve parts by alternate branches of palm and laurel, with an immense "R. F." in the centre. From the cupola extend gilded newels, each ending in a sphinx supported on a bracket, decorated with a shield bearing the names of Bach, Handel,

Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Félicien David. At the extreme end of the hall are two triumphal columns, surmounted by statues of Fame distributing crowns, with escutcheons entwined in laurel leaves and inscribed with "*Honneur aux Sciences! Gloire aux Arts!*" These are the work of the sculptor, Carrier Belleuse, as those on the other side of the proscenium boxes are due to the genius of Mr. Blanchard, who has taken for his subject "Law" and "Strength." The frieze, above the stage, painted by Charles Lameyre, represents France summoning to her throne all the nations of the earth. The *coup d'ail* of the orchestra and of the chorus was original; the male chorists occupied the organ tribune and the left of the proscenium; the soprani and contralti were on the right. Black coats were *de rigueur* for the tenors and basses, who would have been more at their ease in fancy dresses, and the ladies had black gowns with flame-colored ribbons as ornaments. All the instruments were new, the harps were brilliant with fresh gilding, and the bass viols shone with a fine red glare. The entry of the leader, Mr. Edward Colonne, was hailed with much applause. He raised his baton, and, without more ado, the concert began, with the first part of Félicien David's "Desert." After the "Desert" came a new cantata by Saint-Saëns. It was for solo, chorus and orchestra, and is an allegorical allusion to the work of civilization, where, under the title of the "Nuptials of Prometheus," this mythological prototype of inventors is delivered from his legendary vulture—Tyranny and Superstition—by Humanity, whom he forthwith espouses. The score is scientific, but not particularly melodious, with, however, some striking passages. The overture begins with a sad, monotonous chant of violins, gradually working itself into a triumphal march, and winding up with a marriage hymn. The air of the tenor, Warot, "Aux Coufins du Viel Univers," was artistically sung, and Mme. H. M., an amateur, who personified Humanity, received quite an ovation. Melchisside was applauded as a Titan, and the final chorus, "C'est le jour de gloire de l'humanité," brought down the house. The great triumph of the day—perhaps the more applauded because it was the last piece—was the septuor of the "Trojans" and the Trojan march. But magnificent as is the dramatic inspiration, where the idea develops in increasing intensity as it passes through its successive phases, until it finishes in a sublime crash of harmony, its effects were lessened by the unfortunate echoes and by the want of sonority of the hall. The pedal, underscoring as it were the ensemble, could be scarcely distinguished, and the seven hundred voices were confused. The concert produced a tolerably favorable impression. Mr. Colonne's three hundred and fifty instrumentalists kept well together; their execution was perfect.

MILWAUKEE MUSICAL SOCIETY. The *Sentinel*, of April 24, reports:

The 233d concert of the Society secured a large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather in the early part of the day. The members, however, had good reason for turning out in full force on this occasion, as the programme was one of extraordinary attractions, the principal feature of interest being the first appearance here of Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, the Cincinnati vocalist, who sang the Recitative and aria: "Crudele? Ah, no, mio bene," from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, a Valse by Luigi Venzano, Rubinstein's "Thou art so like a flower" (the latter in response to an enthusiastic encore), and the part of Leonora from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, all with orchestra accompaniment, the Rubinstein Lied excepted, which Prof. Mickler accompanied on the piano. Mrs. Dexter has a noble and majestic voice, mezzo soprano, very full and even, and she executes with wonderful ease and fluency the most difficult passages in the compositions named. Her style is broad, and resembles somewhat that of the lamented Mme. Parepa Rosa, whom she also resembles physically. Mrs. Dexter created great enthusiasm, being recalled after each appearance, and she was made the recipient of a handsome basket of flowers. She will always be a welcome visitor in a concert room.

The society's orchestra, however, shared the honors of the evening with the great vocalist. The Schumann Symphony in B flat, given here for the first time last night, is one of the best tone poems given to the musical world since the immortal nine of the great Beethoven. Schumann composed his first symphony, the one in B flat, during the year 1841, and the work was performed in the Leipzig Gewandhaus in December of that year, on the occasion of a concert given by Mme. Clara Schumann. The performance last evening was in every way worthy of the composition. Prof. Mickler, having evidently devoted much time and labor in rehearsals. The choruses, consisting of the "Festal Song to the Artists" by Mendelssohn, and "Come Gentle Spring," from Haydn's *Seasons*, the former for male and the latter for mixed chorus, were produced in good style, though the singers, in attempting to produce a large volume of sound, frequently marred the beauties of the compositions. The *Loreley* Finale formed a fitting close to the concert, which must justly rank as the best of the series during the past season, and the Society, under the direction of Prof. Mickler, has added new laurels to its achievements, and may confidently look forward to a new era of prosperity. Mrs. Dexter sang the German words in the Finale with great distinctness, and exhibited considerable dramatic fire.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Roving Life. F. 3. a to F. Royce. 40
"I love to hear the night-wind sigh
As 'twere some angel lullaby."

A bold and yet tender song of the rover.

Oh! Weep for Those. Bass or Alto Song. Eichberg. 30
F minor. 4. f to D.
"The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country; Israel but the grave."
Byron's impressive words, with Eichberg's fine rendering in music.

Two Beautiful Duets for Soprano and Alto or Baritone. Rubinstein, ea. 35

1. The Angel. (Der Engel). D. 3. d to F.
 2. Wanderer's Night Song. (Wanderer's Nachtlied). D. 3. c to F.
- "The Glory of God, transcending all thought.
Vom Ruhne des Herrn, des Ew'gen erklang."
"Soon, ah! weary wanderer,
Thou shalt find repose."

Two duets of fine quality.

Tell me that you love me still. F. 2. E to F. Garceau. 30
"I do not ask the world to give."
Smooth poetry to a good melody.

Bird and Maiden. (Zweigesang). Bb. 4. Hecht. 35
c to F.
"The two-fold song sounds clear and strong
The moon-enchanted vale along."
German and English words, and rich in beautiful thoughts.

True Blue. Eb. 3. b to E. Adams. 30
"I by love am stranded;
I'm true blue to her."
Hearty love song by a good Yankee Tar.

How to do it. D. 2. E to F. Read. 30
Bright comic song.

Dew-drops kiss the blushing Rose. Kiss Song. G. 5. d to a. Pratt. 50
"Oh! kiss me, sweet!"

Very bright song, in which the music goes into kiss-terries from enthusiasm on the pleasing subject. Good concert song.

Only Love can tell. C. 3. c to E. Tours. 30
"That fear should ever shroud
Life's first and fairest dream."
Very melodious.

Cast me not away. Quartette. Eb. 4. Penfield. 40
b to g.
Music is from a "String Quartette" by Vogt, and is doubtless improved by its association with the impressive scripture words.

Instrumental.

Chimes of Normandy. By Planquette. Rondo Valse. Ab. 3. Richards. 60
One of the "successes" of the Opera, nicely arranged.

No. 5. O, ye Tears! C. 2. Smallwood. 40
"8. When Sparrows build. C. 2." 40
Two of Smallwood's "Echoes from Home," a set containing little "Songs without words," of some length, and simply arranged.

Piano Compositions of Carl Bohm.
1. Wedding Waltzes. (Hochzeits Walzer). 3. 50
2. Wedding March. 40
3. Domino Grand Waltz. Ab. 3. 40
4. Chimes of the May-Bells. Elegant Mazurka. Eb. 4. 35
5. The Hunter's Call. D. 3. 40
6. Grenadier Polka Militaire. Eb. 3. 40

The above pieces include much brilliancy and beauty. The "Wedding Waltzes" (five in the set) are full of the joyous spirit of the occasion; the "Wedding March" will be a novelty for those tired of the older ones; the "Domino Grand Waltz" is one waltz of fine character; the "Chimes of the May-Bells" ring cheerily by the thousand; the "Hunter's Call" rings out cheerily in bugle tones, and the "Grenadier Polka Militaire" might set the tallest soldier dancing.

Snow-Bird Redowa. Bb. 3. Cheney. 30
A Redowa or Mazurka, as you please to call it, and quite pleasing.

A Ray of Sunshine. Morceau de Salon. Ab. 4. Le Duc. 60
Fine lithograph title, with an attractive engraving. The music is beautiful, and will convey more than one "ray" to those that hear it.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

